The *Wind* in the *East*:

OR,

Pri'thee Friend Keep Back.

AN

OMINOUS WARNING.

A

HUMOROUS BALLAD.

By a SAILOR on Board the *S---nefs* Fleet.

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The WIND in the EAST;

OR,

Pri'thee Friend Keep Back.

To the Tune of, All Ye Ladies now at Land, *&c.*

I.

TO Dupes I write that ſtay home,
To fleece the Country round,
Ye've ſure ſign'd *Eng---d*'s wretched Doom,
Since We to *Sluys* are bound:
For what a Pox! cou'd move Ye all
To ſend our Men to *France* to maul?
With a Fa la la la, &c.

II.

But not content to ſend his Guard,
Ye muſt their *Maſter* too,
Sure Politics veer'd mighty Hard
When thus ye *brought the Tackle to:*
For never Wind tack'd round ſo ſoon,
As Ye, when *O----d* tumbled down.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

'Tis

III.

'Tis ſaid the Government's a *Ship*,
Where he that holds the *Helm*,
Doth by the leaſt unlucky Slip
Endanger **** and Realm:
If ſo--- How can ye be eſteem'd?--
On Board ye wou'd be *Lubbers* deem'd.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

IV.

The Veſſel, given to Your Care,
S---s lets the Rudder go,
And *B--th*, who ſhou'd the Topſail rear
Furls what he ſhou'd *undo*:
As for *A---ll*, who ne'er wou'd ſtoop,
He's *ſpinning Oakam* in the Poop.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

V.

Whilſt *O---d* ſtill the Boatsſwain acts,
And bids us---*Liſten all*;
But why?---We know by ſome late Facts,
He pipes thro' a *Bird-call*;
And tho' the Nation bellows loud,
He makes them *hand down ev'ry Shrowd*.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

VI.

You've ſeen the beauteous *C-rol--ne*,
She looks a Lump of *Gold*;
But, oh, ye Gods! cou'd ye divine,
What *leaden* Hands we hold,
You'd ſtop us ſurely where we be,
And ne'er let us drive out to Sea.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

For

VII.

For tho' the CAPTAIN we all know,
Doth ſtern and ſtifly ſtand;
Yet a ſoft Female *brings him too*,
And takes his *Helm* in Hand:
And when a Ship ſuch Pilots ſway,
How can ſhe think to make her Way?
With a fa la la la, &c.

VIII.

Yet he in Anger cries, and Haſt
Croud all the Sail ye can,
Or elſe, I'll *laſh ye to the Maſt*,
Or hang ye ev'ry Man:
For why, when I ſhould meet my Foes,
Should the rough Fates my Rage oppoſe?
With a fa la la la, &c.

IX.

I know the Buſtle that will riſe,
The Tumult and the Storm;
But I defy the Deeps and Skies,
I'll act the Schemes I form:
For if I longer here am kept,
I might as well at Home have SLEPT.
With a fa la la la, &c.

X.

So prithee H-----y ſail away,
Or I ſhall elſe grow cool;
'Tis fit that I, who *B---n* ſway,
Its ſubject Flood ſhould rule:
Let *Jove* the Deep in Thunder arm,
I'll face 'em all--if I am warm.
With a fa la la la, &c.

XI.

But *Jove* reply'd, Indeed you're wrong,
(I heard it in a Gale;
It warbled as it came along---
But what doth that avail?)
For when a Fool is obſtinate,
He minds not the Decrees of Fate.
With a fa la la la, &c.

XII.

And thus it whiſper'd from the EAST,
You'd better at St. *J*-----*s*'s ſtay;
Your Sorrows will but be increaſt,
By running thus away:
Fl---rs may *dang'rous Things* produce,
Think not you're going to *Reviews*.
With a fa la la la, &c.

XIII.

This Wind was from the Heavens ſent,
As Caution to retard
The Expedition you ne'er meant,
And keep you on your Guard:
For tho' you trifle with your Foes,
You can't the Pow'r of Heav'n oppoſe.
With a fa la la la, &c.

XIV.

No Miniſter can *bribe* the Winds,
Tho' *You* ſhould *ſtorm* and *ſwear*;
For well I know, no Sanction binds
The Princes of the Air;
And you have acted One *ſo well*,
They fear *You'd* rival *them* in H-ll.
With a fa la la la, &c.

XV.

But ſince you *are determin'd*----go:
Who runs into *a Nooſe*,
Shou'd *ne'er* be *ſtopp'd*---when *Fate* ſays ſo,
And no One can excuſe:
For if you *ſin* with *open Eyes*,
Then *what* avails it to *adviſe?*
With a Fa la la la, &c.

XVI.

But, *very ſtrange* to me, I own,
Is *modern* Art of War;
The Hero's *Courage can't* be ſhewn,
Without he *takes* his FAIR:
As if, whene'er the *Sword he draws*,
His *Lady Wh--e* muſt *give it Laws.*
With a fa la la la, &c.

XVII.

And thus You wind up *all the Ill*
Which You *before have done* ;
But pray take Care of *little B--ll*,
Your *only* fav'rite *Son :*
For, notwithſtanding *Bounce* and *Crack*,
I pray take Care *how* YOU COME BACK.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

XVIII.

O think ! O think betimes, dear Friend,
What *wretched* Folks You leave ;
And where muſt All theſe *Blunders* end,
By which thoſe Folks y'aggriev'd :
For YOU, Your *Inſolence* avow'd,
And *They* their *Patience* tamely ſhew'd.
With a Fa la la la, &c.

But,

XIX.

But, think ye Heav'n will remit,
The *Crimes* YOU can't attone?
For *never any* M**** yet,
So *low* brought *B---n* down:
At *once* your *Projects bold* advance,
And *make it Province* unto *Fr--ce.*
With a fa la la la, &c.

XX.

So as you've made *the Slaves* at *Home,*
The *Dupes* of YOU and *Bob,*
Prithee, at ONCE confirm *their Doom,*
And *End* the DIRTY JOBB.
You've *En----d* fool'd, we *plainly* ſee,
And ſo may ALL THE WORLD FOOL THEE!
With a fa la la la, &c.

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FINIS.